

# The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

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5d. Stamped.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY NEXT,  
(FEBRUARY 9th, 11th and 13th.)

### "FAUST," in ENGLISH.

LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, TACCANI & FLORENCE LANCIA.

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CONDUCTOR—SIGNOR ARDITI.

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## VICTORIA HALL,

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Mr. HENRY SCHALLEHN begs to announce that his

## VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE ABOVE HALL, ON

THURSDAY EVENING, February 11th,

When he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—

### VOCALISTS.

Mademoiselle GEORGI, Miss FLORENCE DE COURCY,

Mr. GEORGE TEDDER, Mr. ROGERS MORLEY,

AND

Mr. FRANK D'ALQUEN.

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Mlle. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN.  
Miss ROSA BRINSMEAD, R.A.M.  
Herr LEHMEYER.

Violoncello, Mr. VINCENT PURRIER,

Violin and Saxophone, Mr. HENRY SCHALLEHN.

Conductor, Mr. EMILE BERGER.

To commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

Reserved Seats, 4s.; Body of Hall, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets to be had of Duncan Davison & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street; at the Rooms; and of Mr. Schallehn, 17 Cambridge Terrace, Holland Road, Kensington.

MR. DEACON begs to announce his removal from Welbeck Street to No. 10 Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Director, Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc.—THIRTEENTH SEASON.—The Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed that the Concerts and Public Rehearsals will be resumed after Easter. The performance will be on the same grand scale as in former seasons.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Professor STERNDALE BENNETT, Mus. D.—The Directors respectfully announce that the CONCERTS of the ensuing season will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the following Monday evenings:—February 29; March 14; April 18; May 2, 16, and 30; June 13 and 27. Subscriptions received by Messrs. Addison and Lucas, 210 Regent Street.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF will sing RANDEGGER'S Popular Cradle Song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER" (Violoncello Obligato, Mr. W. SALMON), at Mr. Taylor's Concert, at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, Tuesday Evening, February 9.

MRS. MEREST (late MARIA B. HAWES) begs to announce her return to Town for the Season, and that she will commence a Series of Elementary Instruction, for the cultivation of Soprano and Contralto Voices, on Wednesday, March 2nd (from three to five o'clock). Each course will consist of Twelve Lessons. Further particulars may be obtained at her present residence. All applications for Oratorios, Miscellaneous Concerts, Soirées, the Series of Elementary Instructions and Private Lessons, to be addressed to her at 7 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London, W.C.

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A Violoncello part to the above, as played by Signor Platti, is published, price 6d.

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## THE MOZART NIGHT AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

About this interesting event, *The Times* (Feb. 2), writes as follows:—

"The concert last night was one long melody. Strain after strain from voice and instrument, delighted the ear, till it might have been thought no more could possibly have been left; but still the tune went on, in a continuous flow of serene and unruffled beauty. It was an evening dedicated to Mozart—the King of Melody. The programme was drawn exclusively from his works, and, as may be seen at a glance, was without a blemish:—

## PART I.

" Quintet in A major, clarinet and strings ... ..	Mozart
Air, (Ratti, batti) ... ..	"
Air, (Non piu andrai) ... ..	"
Sonata in B flat, pianoforte alone ... ..	"

## PART II.

Sonata in Major, pianoforte and violin ... ..	Mozart
Song, (The Violet) ... ..	"
Air, (Deh vieni alla finestra) ... ..	"
Quartet in G Minor, pianoforte and strings ... ..	"

"It was a happy thought to devote an entire concert to Mozart, so near the anniversary of the illustrious composer's natal day. One hundred and eight years ago (1756), three years before Handel's death, was born the most absolutely gifted of musicians, the one to whom musical utterance came most readily and naturally, whose soul, indeed, was music, and who, it may be said, without irreverence, if ever man was predestined to a mission, was intended by Heaven to make rhythmical sound a universal language and enchant the world with harmony. The Musical Society of London gave its first concert on the very anniversary day—the 27th of January; but the (Council) either overlooked or underestimated the legitimate chance thus offered of advertising a programme made out wholly from the works of Mozart. The director of the Monday Popular Concerts—after all, perhaps the most musical institution we can boast—was either luckier or wiser. But what, above all, should be praised in Mr. Arthur Chappell's management is the way he abstained from using the opportunity as a puff. Mozart's birthday was neither to be 'commemorated' nor 'celebrated.' The concert was announced without fussy preliminary, as a concert devoted to Mozart's music, with a mere allusion, plainly and simply worded, to the fact that the 27th of January being the 108th anniversary of the great composer's birth, a selection from his works would most likely prove acceptable to the musical public. A more splendid success could not have been achieved. St. James's Hall was crowded in every part; and the performances—from the quintet, which began the concert, to the quartet, which ended it—were listened to with eager and unflagging interest. The performers were M. Vieuxtemps, leading violin; Messrs. L. Ries, H. Webb, and Pague, second violin, viola, and violoncello; Mr. Lazarus, who, as usual, took the clarinet part in the quintet; Madame Arabella Goddard, who played the solo sonata, the violin sonata with M. Vieuxtemps, and the pianoforte part in the quartet; Mademoiselle Florence Lancia and Mr. Santley—the songs respectively allotted to whom need scarcely be specified. The instrumental pieces—quintet (in which the slow movement was redemanded and repeated), quartet, and two sonatas—have rarely been played so well, never received with greater enthusiasm; while both the air in which Figaro banters Cherubino on his military appointment and the serenade addressed by Don Giovanni to Elvira's waiting-maid won for Mr. Santley encores too emphatic and unanimous to be declined. Mr. Benedict (whose services would have been sadly missed at such a moment) was accompanist.

"The anniversary of the birth of another great genius, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, occurring to-morrow (February 3), the whole of next Monday's concert (the 142nd) is, with equal propriety, to be devoted to his music—including the first of the quartets in E flat (Op. 12); the second and last quintet; the trio in C minor; one of the *Caprices* (Op. 33), dedicated to Klingemann (who prepared the book of *St. Paul*); and several vocal pieces. Mr. Charles Hallé will be pianist, M. Vieuxtemps principal violin, Miss Banks and Mr. Santley the singers."

Of Madame Arabella Goddard's performance, at the concert of last Monday, *The Daily News* gives the subjoined eloquent description:—

"The chief object of attraction (as may well be supposed) was the reappearance of Arabella Goddard. She played no less than three times—each time a masterpiece. The sonata in B flat, for the pianoforte alone, is one of the most captivating things ever written for that instrument. It presents no difficulties of execution, nor serves to exhibit any of those exploits of manual dexterity which belong to the modern school of the pianoforte. It contains none of those vast combinations—that fulness of harmony—those masses of sound, which in the music of Beethoven or Mendelssohn emulate the effects of a

great orchestra; nor has it any of Beethoven's impetuous and stormy passion. And yet, in such hands as those of our fair performer, it imparts a delight as exquisite (though quite of a different kind) as that which we receive from the music of Beethoven himself. It is a pure emanation from the author's divine spirit—all grace, beauty, simplicity, refinement, melody, and expression. Every movement is a gem. We constantly think we are listening to a beautiful voice, breathing the softest tones of tenderness and feeling. Nor is relief wanting. All the resources of the most masterly counterpoint—all the brilliancy and richness of ornament which consist with the character of the themes, give ample variety, and maintain unflagging interest even to the end. Such music is not very difficult in the common sense of the word. To play every note with unerring certainty is a task comparatively easy; but to express every passage—to sing with the fingers—to utter every vocal phrase with all the purity, finish, and sentiment which could be given by the most accomplished Italian singers—these are the things which the pianoforte music of Mozart demands; and these are the things which Arabella Goddard does. In doing them, she shows herself a greater artist than when she is triumphing over the most terrible of the posthumous sonatas of Beethoven. The sonata in A major for the piano and violin displays the same beauties, with a greater amount (especially in the last movement) of executive difficulty, and the charming effect of an animated dialogue, in which, we need scarcely say, Vieuxtemps bore his part in a manner worthy of his fair companion. The Quartet in G minor is one of the finest chamber concerted pieces in which the pianoforte is the principal instrument. It is an especial favorite with our amateurs, and is in great request at private musical parties; and in addition to the general delight it gave the audience, it no doubt gave further delight to many ladies and gentlemen who had often essayed it, and who derived a valuable lesson from its finished and beautiful performance."

*The Morning Post* writes of the concert as follows:—

"The concert of last evening at the St. James Hall consisted wholly of a selection from the works of Mozart. The quintet has been frequently performed at the Monday Popular Concerts, and, if we mistake not, by the same artists to whom it was entrusted on the present occasion. Mr. Lazarus, we are quite sure, has always played the important clarinet part, and indeed his masterly execution of it is now intimately associated with the history of those universally admired entertainments over which Mr. Arthur Chappell so ably presides. Last evening the quintet (irreproachably rendered from first to last by all the performers) pleased, if possible, more than ever. Applause of the warmest kind followed each movement, and the lovely *largo* was honored with the customary *encore*.

The noble pianoforte quartet in G minor was also most worthily executed, and so, too, was the sonata which served to display the brilliant talent of M. Vieuxtemps to particular advantage. But the great instrumental feature of the concert was Madame Arabella Goddard's absolutely perfect expression of the solo sonata in B flat. Simple as this divine inspiration appears, nothing short of executive genius of the very highest order could do justice to its eloquent melody. A full and sympathetic quality of tone, thorough purity of style, a distinctness of articulation which suffers no single note to escape (for every note has its meaning and importance), a complete abnegation of self, and absolute loving faith in the composer's music, are the greatest merits to be sought for in the performance of such a work as this; and Madame Arabella Goddard accomplished all which the most exacting critic could require—for she gave us Mozart in all his power and loveliness, and nothing but Mozart. Madame Arabella Goddard was rapturously applauded on every possible occasion, and recalled into the orchestra at the termination of her superb performance. Mr. Santley, who sang his very best, was absolutely forced to go through both his songs twice; and Madlle. Florence Lancia repeated 'The Violet' in compliance with a persistent, if not quite unanimous, redemand. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal music with all his well-known masterly ability."

NEWBURY (BERKS.)—Mrs. John Macfarren gave an "*Evening at the Pianoforte*," on Tuesday last, Feb. 2nd, at Newbury, Berks.; when, by her artistic and brilliant execution of detached movements from Mozart, Dussek and Beethoven, a *toccata* by Scarlatti, and some *bravura* pieces of Liszt and Brissac, she gave great delight to the crowded audience who thronged the Mansion house, in which building the entertainment took place, under the auspices of the Newbury Institute. Madame Gilardoni sang with sweetness and expression, a canonet by Haydn, a *lied* by Mendelssohn, and "The beating of my own heart" by G. A. Macfarren; in the latter eliciting a unanimous *encore*. Mrs. John Macfarren preceded each piece and song with remarks both interesting and pertinent, and serving as aids to the appreciation of the music. These were frequently interrupted by applause; and the fair pianist had reason to be gratified, with the still more cordial reception, with which her playing was continually greeted.



## MUSIC IN COLOGNE.\*

The programme of the sixth Gesellschafts concert, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, included the following works: Part I. Overture to the opera of *Jessonda*, L. Spohr; Concerto for the violoncello, composed and played by Sig. Alfred Piatti; Soprano aria and chorus; "Inflammatum" from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* (Madlle. Julie Rothenberger); Fantasia for the violoncello, composed and played by Sig. Alfred Piatti; trio from the opera *Medea*, Cherubini. Part II. Symphony No. 9, Beethoven (soloists: Madlle. Rothenberger, Madlle. Asmann, Herr

\* and Herr Bergstein.)

Sig. Alfred Piatti, who already excited among us four years ago universal admiration by his splendid violoncello playing, again played most admirably, without, however, working up the audience to quite so high a pitch as in 1859. His original Concerto possesses many beauties, especially in melodic point of view, and has the advantage of not being intended entirely for the display of virtuosity. The celebrated artist's invariably noble style of execution; his admirable bowing; his soft melting tone, which causes the strings to sing, while not the slightest thing out of the way disturbs the effect, so that any one with his eyes shut would have no suspicion that the strain is produced by the technical treatment and intellectual animation of dead material; the mild smoothness of his tone, and the appropriately artistic tact which guards him against ever unpleasantly exaggerating the accentuation, impart to his execution something aristocratic, and he might be called the Savori of the violoncello. We can, however, certainly miss the full vigorous tone, which, despite the prevalence of violin passages among violoncellists now-a-days, reminded us now and then that the bass also has two or three deep strings; for a virtuoso, however, who resides in London and travels about the world, it may be difficult to oppose in a marked and harsh manner the fondness of the general masses for affectation. We must not, therefore—especially when manual dexterity has been carried to so enormously high a pitch as it has been by Sig. Piatti—be too stern in our criticism. But we cannot refrain from expressing a wish that such purposeless drawing-room pieces as the so-called Fantasia for the violoncello should be refused admittance to these concerts, particularly, as, when the great master was last here, we admired, from the bottom of our heart, his reading and noble rendering of the best classical music in the quartets of Mozart and Beethoven.

Connected with the religious hymn of "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," of the thirteenth century, are the names of the following musicians; Josquin des Prés (about 1490); Palestrina, three quarters of a century after Des Prés; Pergolese, a hundred and fifty years later still; Astorga at the commencement of the eighteenth century; Joseph Haydn at the end of it, and finally Rossini in the nineteenth century. In order to appreciate properly the composition of Rossini, which resembles a dramatic cantata more than a sacred hymn, we must adopt his point of view, and we shall then not fail to recognise that musical genius, the inspirations of which never leave the great master quite in the lurch. Besides the introduction, the tenor air, and the quartet: "Sancta Mater," the "Inflammatum" belongs to the best pieces in the work. Madlle. Julie Rothenberger—whose clear soprano voice has now improved in the middle register, while her high register possesses that youthful freshness and that natural flowing sound, free from aught like sharpness, which is so pleasing especially in a soprano, and the place of which can never be completely supplied by art—proved by her execution of the solo part the great progress she has made, also in the technical branch of her profession. The ascending scales with the shake ornaments were successfully executed by her, and the high C sounded victoriously above the singing of the entire chorus, and above the orchestra as well. She was justly rewarded with continuous applause and a recall.

The Second Part of the concert brought us finally once more a soul inspiring symphony by Beethoven, and that, too, the ninth. The work has now so become part and parcel of the very blood of our forces in chorus and orchestra, that anything like a failure, or even like wavering in a performance under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, is entirely out of the question, so that on this occasion, as on every other, the magnificent creation was resplendent with brilliancy and life. After hearing such a composition, which,

indeed, forms the pinnacle of modern music, we agree with Richard Wagner in this one point. "The last symphony is written."

Whenever I hear the *Adagio* of the symphony, or, as a rule, any *Adagio* by Beethoven, I think to myself: Were I the director of a conservatory, or otherwise a celebrated teacher of composition, I would require every scholar, as soon as he had gone through his theoretical course, and arrived at the stage of composition, to bring me an *Adagio* for some instrument, or for a quartet, or an orchestra. "If there was anything in it," as Mozart expressed it, I would say to him: "Go on; you have music in your soul." If, however, there were nothing in it, and he relied upon his original *Scherzo*, or a noisy *Allegro con fuoco*, or even upon a correct but constrained fugue, I would advise him, if he wished to become a master, to do everything in the way of music, only never to compose.

MILAN, JAN. 23.—(From our own correspondent.)—I enclose a list of the artists of this season at La Scala. *Prime donne*—Lotti, Palmieri (English), and Ronzi; *comprimarie*—Brunetti, Moro, and Corani (Irish). The latter is regularly engaged there. *Contralto*—Viller; *tenori*—Carrión, Bertolini, and Limberti; *baritoni*—Bartolemi and Cortoni; *bassi*—Caponi and Cesarò. Last Tuesday was performed *Ginevra di Scozia* of Rota, but it was a complete *fiasco*. The *troupe* were Ronzi, Bertolini, and Cortoni. The music is not of a style to suit the Milanese. It is very much borrowed, and also too old-fashioned, if I may use such a word; it is, however, going to be repeated next Tuesday, but merely to be the *lever de rideau* for a second new ballet, *La Ginevra*. The Page in Verdi's opera, *Un Ballo*, has been changed. Signora Moro at present takes it, to the universal satisfaction, for Brunetti (who was in it at first) sings badly, has hardly any voice, and certainly has not any idea of personating a character. *I Vespri Siciliani* is to be given next week. Lotti will sing in it; therefore, it is pretty well certain to succeed. *I Lombardi*, unfortunately, has upset the whole programme; and, not suiting the voices of the artists, has, I am afraid, lost them this season, for the audience here are always so critically severe, that they make no allowances for age or illness, and, after once achieving a *fiasco*, an artist or an opera rarely succeeds in pleasing. *Les Aigles Bourains*, with both Lotti and Palmieri, will soon be produced. I do not expect it to succeed, being too classically idealised for the *Italiani*. Last Tuesday, at the Artist's Club, was offered a supper to Levasseur (who gave three representations at the little theatre di San Radegonda)—a congress. All the crowned heads were there, and chief celebrities. The two Queens were, I hear, admirably made up. Afterwards two carabinieri walked in and arrested them, excepting the Emperor of the French, who had planned it. At first they thought it was really the case. A *furor* has been created at Turin, at the Carignano, by Ristori and *troupe*, in a new *commedia* of Ferrari, *La Donna e lo Sretico*, which is described as another triumph added to Italian art. Will let you know when anything occurs worth mentioning.—Yours, A. R.

LEIPZIG.—The programme of the thirteenth Gewandhaus Concert included the following pieces: Overture to the opera *La Chasse du jeune Henri*, Méhul; Recitative and aria from *Don Juan*, Mozart, sung by Madlle. Orgeni; Concerto for the violin (first movement), Joachim, played by Herr August Wilhelm, Jun.; Recitative and aria from *Norma*, Bellini, sung by Madlle. Louise von Pöllnitz, from Berlin; Concerto (D major) for Pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniment, composed and executed by Herr Otto Singer, of Dresden; Songs with the Piano, sung by Madlle. von Pöllnitz:—"Loreley," Liszt, and "Frühlingsnacht," Schumann; Symphony (C major, No. 2), Schumann. At the fourteenth Gewandhaus Concert the programme consisted of the overture to *Dame Kobold*, Reinecker; concert air, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy (sung by Mdle. Elizabeth Metzdorff, from St. Petersburg); Concerto for the violin (No. 19, D minor), R. Kreutzer (played by Herr Lauterbach, from Dresden); Cavatina from *Robert le Diable*, Meyerbeer (sung by Mdle. Metzdorff); *Concertstück* for the violin, composed and played by Herr Lauterbach (new, MS.); and Beethoven's music to Goethe's *Egmont*, with connecting words by Mosengell, the words spoken by Herr Hanisch, and the songs sung by Mdle. Metzdorff.

VIENNA.—The 98rd anniversary of Beethoven's birthday was kept here in an appropriate manner. The *Ost-Deutsche Post* states that, on this occasion, universal admiration was excited by the exhibition of a gypsum cast, the only one which Beethoven ever allowed to be taken of his face. It was modelled when he was more than fifty. The features are reproduced with the greatest minuteness, even the pores of the skin being visible. Just as Beethoven never had more than one cast taken, he sat only once for his portrait, namely, in the year 1815, to his friend Mähler. This portrait was lately sold, and about to be despatched to America, when a Viennese lover of Art, Herr von Karajan, came to the rescue and saved it for the Austrian capital.

\* From the *Niedersheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

## TIETJENS AT HAMBURGH.

## No. 1.

By her performance in *Norma* (played on Thursday before a crammed house) Therese Tietjens proves her right to one of the highest places of honor in the domain of musically dramatic art. We recently characterized the singing of this distinguished daughter of Hamburg; it is necessarily always the same: a model of technical finish and soul-like expression. On the present occasion, however, it is the dramatic treatment of the part to which we pay our meed of sincere admiration. Therese Tietjens ennobles this "Medea" in a manner which heightens to an incredible degree our interest in the woman so deeply injured in her love, and breathing vengeance, but, with genuinely tragic exultation of feeling, sacrificing herself with it. With such a conception of the character, the artist's delicate vocal art, which never allows any screaming, broken tone, or passionate tremolo, stands her in good stead. Her *Norma* is a thoroughly idealised picture, and, therefore, a sterling effort of art. The extraordinarily brilliant manner in which it was received leads us to suppose that the public will not be contented with merely one performance of this favorite opera, when so highly valued a visitor forms the central point in it, and that the management, to whom we are deeply grateful for the great treat afforded us, will feel bound to repeat it. This is the more to be desired as the usual members of the company exerted themselves zealously and successfully (which was not the case at the first appearance of Mdle. Tietjens), so that we are able to congratulate ourselves upon a satisfactory whole.

## No. 2.

Since our last notice, Mdle. Therese Tietjens has appeared as Gretchen, in M. Gounod's *Faust*; a second time as the Countess in *Le Nozze de Figaro*; and, the day before yesterday, as Valentine in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. Despite the increased prices of admission, the house was full every evening, and, at the performance of *Les Huguenots*, even overcrowded. The reception of the fair Hamburg artist was enthusiastic in each part. That Therese Tietjens is a real dramatic artist, she proves by her sharply marked individualisation of characters; her incomparable vocal accomplishments, astonishing though they are, would justify her in claiming only the title of *prima donna*; but her portrayal of character, by tone, speech, and manner, assigns her higher rank. The more difficult it is for her to realise a picture objectively, the more honor is due to her for successfully performing the task, as was the case with the rendering of Gretchen. The syllable "chen" of the name above shows that she has here to do with a disposition opposed to her own; but her great art overcomes the difficulty. She was German, and sang with German feeling, with such wonderful tenderness, and played so appropriately, that no one any longer remained true to the picture he had created in his own imagination, that small and childlike being, Goethe's Gretchen. By her singing and acting, Therese Tietjens made the audience believe in her a great triumph of art! As Valentine she was unmistakably French; in appearance full of elegance and animation; passionate in her feelings, but in the most fiery excitement still retaining the girdle of the Graces; within, all was ardour; without, all was propriety and noble formality. Her singing in the duet with Marcel, and in the grand duet with Raoul, were masterly efforts, of which only the elect of the Muse are capable.

## No. 3.

To-day, Therese Tietjens repeats the part of *Norma*, with which she concludes her engagement. We refer the reader to our former notice for an account of this opera and the fair representative of the principal part. All, therefore, that now remains for us to do is to chronicle her appearance as Valentine in *Les Huguenots*. Did we not know that we agreed with the whole of the public, as well as with the critics, we should almost experience some diffidence, with regard to the lady about to leave us, in expressing, by the aid of a continual employment of superlatives, our individual conviction, for this is that Therese Tietjens, both in a dramatic as well as musical sense, is indisputably the best representative, now living, of the part. And did we not know that Meyerbeer's grand production had been brought out on the stage before our highly-esteemed countrywoman had seen the light of the float, we should not be able to help believing that the part of Valentine had been written expressly for her. It is only among the smallest number of the most distinguished singers that, with so imposing and fascinating a personal appearance, such an entrancing and fairy-like magnificence of voice is united, in an equal degree, to such finished and wonderful execution, and such highly dramatic acting! We must see and hear Therese Tietjens in the two great duets of the third and fourth acts, in order fully to conceive the overpowering nature of her performance, mastering, as it does, every stage of passion. The few words of a notice are not sufficient to portray this, but it is very certain that no

\* "Chen" is a denominate of endearment and familiarity.—Ed. M.W.

Valentine of the present day is equal to Therese Tietjens. Loaded, in a literal sense, with laurels, and overwhelmed with homage, the fair and incomparable artist leaves this city, which was her cradle, to achieve fresh triumphs and gain fresh laurels "On far-off Naples' shore." There is one thing of which we feel certain! Wherever her victorious progress may lead her, she will never meet with another public that will flock round, with more fervent devotion and more sincere admiration, the banner, fluttering high in the air, of the sacred votary of Euterpe, THERESE TIETJENS. DOMENUSCH.

## A LA SENORITA DONA ADELINA PATTI,

## EN LA NOCHE DE SU BENEFICIO.

¿Vibra tu voz al dulce anhelo  
que hace entonar al ave tu armonía  
Cuando en trinos de amor y de consuelo  
Saluda al resplandor del nuevo día?  
¿O eres querube que bajó del cielo  
Para llenar el mundo de alegría?  
Lo que eres, no lo sé, fuerza es decirlo!  
¡Mejor que proclamarlo es el sentirlo!

## A LA CÉLEBRE ADELINA PATTI,

## LA NOCHE DE SU BENEFICIO EN EL TEATRO REAL.

Salero, yo soy así:  
Siempre claro y muy sencillo;  
Me place ese cuerpecillo  
Con mas sal que alfóli.  
Tal vez la pasión me engaña,  
O en la solfa no estoy dacho;  
Poro á mí me gustan mucho  
Porque naciste en España.  
Y no tan solo me encantas  
Por ser lucero español,  
Sino por lo bien que cantas,  
Morena, el re, mi, fa, sol.  
Tengo oídas una por una  
Las mas célebres cantoras,  
Y entre estas bellas señoras  
Tú eres mejor que ninguna.  
Cual *prima donna* italiana  
Sigues la clásica escuela,  
Y cuando haces *figurana*,  
Dios mio! todo es canela.

Madrid, Diciembre 1863.

Todo cuanto diga es poco  
En tu albanza, Adelina,  
¿A quién no haces volver loco  
En el papel de Rosina?  
¡Bendito sea ese pico  
De ruiseñor, morenilla,  
Y el aire de tu abanico,  
Y tu garbo con mantilla.  
¡Si te vas, sol de los soles,  
Que mil venturas disfrutes!  
No olvides los españoles  
Por los señores franchutes.  
Vuelve pronto á nuestra escena  
Puesto que eres su embeleso,  
Y endulzará nuestra pena  
La esperanza del regreso.  
En todas partes te veas  
Venturosa y laureada....  
No tengo que añadir nada  
Sino que.... ¡bendita seas!

F. O'SULLIVAN.

NEW YORK.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has at length been given, and with the greatest success, by the German company under Herr Carl Anschütz. Everyone agrees that as far as regards the getting up, the ensembles, the chorus, and the orchestra, the German performance is far superior to the Italian performance which preceded it. All the striking pieces, such as in the second act, the grand concerted waltz, Mephisto's song; in the third, Siebel's serenade, Faust's cavatina, Gretchen's air, and the finale; in the fourth, the soldiers' chorus, which soon became very popular; and, in the fifth, the whole of the prison scene; were enthusiastically received, many of the pieces being encored. The scenery was magnificent. The last scene, the ascension of Margaret, particularly, was tumultuously applauded.—The orchestral works performed at the second concert of the Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Theodore Eisfeld, were Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and Wagner's *Rienzi* overture.

BOCKENHEIM.—On the 16th instant, Professor Anton Schindler, well-known as a musical critic and a friend of Beethoven's, died here, where he had lived in retirement for several years. He inherited Beethoven's posthumous papers, which he ceded to the Prussian Government for the Museum at Berlin, in return for an annuity. We are informed that among his own papers will be found many very interesting documents of Beethoven.

HAMBURG.—The first stone of the new "Kunsthalle," or Concert-hall, was laid on the 22nd December. 200,000 marcs banco were collected by the committee, who, in addition, obtained from the Senate and the city a further sum of 100,000 marcs banco, and a fine plot of ground.—Herr Fritz Brahms, a younger brother of Johannes Brahms, has been performing as a pianist.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The members of the Italian Opera company recently got up a demonstration in honor of King Victor Emmanuel. Signor Ricci composed a cantata expressly for the occasion.—*Rigoletto* has proved a success. *Un Ballo in Maschera* has been given, with Mdle. Barbot, Mad. Nantier-Didié; Mad. Fabrica, Signors Tamberlik and Graziani.



## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The zealous directors of this great and flourishing institution may claim the honor of having made the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn popular. Acting upon strong conviction, and firmly believing that the work was one of transcendent merit, only inferior—if, indeed, inferior—to *Elijah*, they have persisted in bringing it forward, until at length their numerous supporters, as sincerely lovers of genuine sacred music as themselves, have been induced to share their belief. The result is now triumphantly apparent. The first performance of the *Lobgesang*—in conjunction with Rossini's less soaring but scarcely less engaging *Stabat Mater*—attracted such an enormous attendance that it has been found expedient to announce a second for Monday, February 8. In comparing the respective amounts of art influence exercised by our "provincial" music meetings and the Sacred Harmonic Society, the important fact has too frequently been overlooked that while the scope and means of the Triennial Festivals enable their conductors, and even render it advisable, to bring forward from time to time new compositions of magnitude, the task of rendering them more generally known, and, as a natural consequence, what is termed "popular," devolves mainly upon the Sacred Harmonic Society of London. Thus, for example, to the Birmingham Festival, which takes precedence of all, belongs the credit of having been the first to produce the *Lobgesang* (1840), and *Elijah* (1846), but to the efforts of the Sacred Harmonic Society must in fairness be attributed the universal esteem and affection in which the last of those masterpieces is held, and which now seem equally destined to be enjoyed by the first. How diligently Mr. Costa has labored towards the same end it is hardly requisite to add. The *Lobgesang* would seem to be a special favorite with the eminent Italian conductor, if we may judge by the indefatigable exertions he has made, from year to year, in order to obtain for it an execution—solo, choral, and instrumental—more and more nearly approaching the desired perfection. The performance immediately under notice was probably, on the whole, the best that has yet been heard. The three grand symphonic movements with which the *cantata* opens were magnificently played, and produced a more sensible impression—the *allegretto agitato* (with Luther's *chorale*) and *adagio religioso*, which, as all the visitors before the first commenced had been able to reach their places, were heard without interruption, more particularly—than on any previous occasion. The choruses were never before so uniformly well delivered. In one or two instances, such as "All men, all things, all that have life and breath, sing to the Lord;" the fugal episode in "The night is departing" ("Let us gird on the armour, the armour of light"); and the opening of the final chorus, "Ye nations, offer to the Lord glory and might"—as majestic as the first, and only less sublime than the second, which stands side by side with "Thanks be to God" in *Elijah*—owing to Mr. Costa judiciously indicating a somewhat slower "tempo" than hitherto has been the rule, they came out with unprecedented clearness, point, and emphasis. The solo vocal parts were not less fortunate. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington gave the lovely air, "Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit"—worthy sister of "Jerusalem" in *St. Paul*—with irreproachable taste, and the unaccompanied solo announcing the chorus, "The night is departing," with a brightness of tone and purity of intonation that recalled Madame Clara Novello. In the melodious duet, with chorus, "I waited for the Lord," Madame Sherrington found a steady and able coadjutor in Mrs. Sidney Smith, a young beginner, we believe, but a beginner full of promise, with a nice voice and the best possible intentions. The picturesque episode of the watchman, beginning with the tenor solo "The sorrow of death," was, as usual, one of the most striking points in the performance. The significant phrase of inquiry, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?"—thrice uttered, and each time with increasing poignancy, a tone higher, until the satisfying answer is delivered through an angel's voice, and the vanishing of darkness, which is sin and doubt, is followed by the light, which is the faith that shall annihilate sin and rescue the world from corruption—was delivered by Mr. Sims Reeves with a force and meaning that attained the highest eloquence of musical declamation. As expressive in another sense was this gentleman's reading of the plaintive air, "He counteth all your sorrows," which is followed by a chorus, "All ye that cried unto the Lord," carrying out and completing to satisfactory fullness the sentiment of contrite dependency so appealingly suggested by the air. Even "My song shall be always thy mercy," separating the glorious Lutheran *chorale* (first presented in vocal harmony, unsupported by instruments, then, à la Bach, with elaborate and splendid orchestral accompaniments) from the exultant final chorus already named—a duet which, though replete with Mozart-like tune and graceful expression, too often passes unnoticed—was so well delivered by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Reeves as to elicit a burst of applause at the conclusion. In short, as we have hinted, this performance of the *Lobgesang* was from one end to the other one of the very finest ever listened to.

Rossini's delicious *Stabat* was heard with all the more pleasure, following so immediately upon a composition with which it has nothing whatever in common. Never had two men of undoubted genius such absolutely opposite ideas of what should be sacred music. The one, however, was a German and a Lutheran; the other an Italian and a Roman Catholic. Those who can understand the beautiful, no matter under what phase exhibited, are in a condition to appreciate both Rossini and Mendelssohn; and, acknowledging both to be in earnest, to give both credit for their earnestness. Thus, instead of crushing the *Stabat*, the *Lobgesang* helped to reveal its merits in all the stronger light. The work of Rossini could hardly be otherwise than well-performed. Of the orchestra and chorus we need say nothing. About the solo singers much might be written and little in disparagement. Mesdames Sherrington and Laura Baxter gave the duet, "Quis est homo," so well that it was unanimously asked for again; while in the charming and genial setting of the passage—

"Fac ut portem Christi mortem  
"Passionis fac consortem"—

the noble *contralto* voice of Madame Baxter and her really artistic singing obtained the warmest recognition. The "Inflamatus" (solo Madame Sherrington) was also a great success, and most deservedly. Mr. Santley, although his voice is so different, approached nearer to the still remembered excellence of Lablache than any other artist who has since attempted the bass part in the *Stabat Mater*—Tamburini rot excepted. Not only was Mr. Santley loudly encored in the air, "Pro peccatis sue gentis," but in the solo, with chorus—"Eia, Jesu, fons amoris" (so seldom in tune)—by his steady and admirable singing he exacted another tribute of applause. Mr. Montem Smith, careful throughout, won general good opinion for his delivery of "Cujus animam gementem," and owing to his well known musical proficiency, was eminently serviceable in the three quartets—"Stabat mater dolorosa" (with chorus); "Sancte Pater, istud agas" (best of all); and "Quando corpus morietur." The last of these, "mirabile dictu," though unsupported by accompaniments, had scarcely fallen, at the end, a perceptible fraction of a tone—as could be observed easily enough, the succeeding chorus being in the same key. "In sempiterna secula," the chorus in question, contains one of the very rare attempts at fugue writing to be met with in the works of Rossini, whose early studies, nevertheless, were prosecuted under the guidance of Mattei, one of the acknowledged Italian contrapuntists of the day.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—A new "Anglo-Egyptian" Entertainment, entitled *The Pyramid*, was brought out on Monday evening, and was received with great applause. Mr. Shirley Brooks is the author, and the reader will thence naturally infer that the piece is full of humour, whimsicality, and brilliant singing. The idea is good. Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, and Mr. John Parry, go to Alexandria on a pleasure-trip, and while there Mr. and Mrs. R. have a "difference," which induces Mr. R. to take French leave of his wife and go alone to Cairo. Mrs. Reed, however, follows close, accompanied by Mr. Parry, and the entertainment proper, of which the foregoing is the prologue, takes place in the desert in front of the Great Pyramid, the Sphinx, and bordering on the Nile. Here the actors personate a variety of characters, Egyptian, Greek, Turkish, Arabian, and English, and the whole concludes with the reconciliation of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed. A little diffuseness is the only drawback to one of the most sparkling and merry entertainments we remember. The three favorite artists have done their utmost justice to the author, and Mr. German Reed has provided some pleasing music to the songs, which are capitally written.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY'S new entertainment, entitled "Paris, and Mrs. Brown at the play," was a decided success on Thursday night, at the Egyptian Hall. Though a new entertainment, the principal character throughout is our old friend Mrs. Brown, who pays a visit to Paris, and of course finds herself always in a "peck of troubles." The illustrations of "A Night at Sea," the "Place du Chatelet," "Notre Dame," and the "Place de la Concorde," are very beautiful, and are alone worth a visit to Mr. Sketchley, whose songs, particularly "Mr. Greig's view of Paris" (which was deservedly encored), are as well given and as amusing as ever. The entertainment concluded with "Mrs. Brown at the Play," which Mr. Sketchley gives with all his accustomed spirit, and which in consequence sends the audience home in high good humor with themselves and Mrs. Brown.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The Second Subscription Concert took place on Thursday evening at St. James's Hall. The principal feature was Mendelssohn's cantata for male voices, "O Sons of Art." Samuel Wesley's unaccompanied Motet for double choir—Psalm 114—and Mr. Henry Leslie's anthem for advent, "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion," were also performed. The rest of the programme comprised a selection of glees and madrigals. A detailed notice next week.

## THE LAST PORTRAIT OF THACKERAY.

Mr. Lawrence drew the last portrait for which Thackeray sat to a painter. It has been photographed by Mr. Ayling (493, New Oxford-street), and the photograph is now before us. It requires no small merit in a drawing, or photograph from one, to hold its own against the direct work of the sun. Whatever may be the demerits of Phœbus Apollo as a painter, he has qualities which make him a tremendously formidable rival to the limner, who has to trust the unaided powers of pencil or port-crayon. But it only needs a comparison of Mr. Lawrence's photographed drawing with any of the heads photographed from Thackeray himself to feel that good work of the human brain and hand—even when it is but the transcript of a human physiognomy—has in it something which cannot be got out of the soulless operation of chymicals and camera. No one who knew and loved Thackeray could hesitate between the fac-simile of Lawrence's drawing and the finest photograph ever taken from the head of the living Thackeray. Mr. Lawrence made two portraits of Thackeray. The first, taken many years ago, for Lady Ashburton, has been engraved, and may now be seen in many of the print-sellers' windows. It represents his haughtier or more defiant expression, with the head held high, as Thackeray's head was wont to be held when he denounced meanness, fired up at wrong, or warmed into praise of goodness or greatness. The second portrait is the one just photographed, and is the property of Chief Baron Pollock. Thackeray knew and appreciated the painter. His way of giving him the commission for this portrait was very characteristic of the man. Meeting Mr. Lawrence at an evening party towards the end of the summer of 1862, Thackeray said to him, "The Chief Baron was dining with me the other day, and we laid our heads together to make a little plan for a painter-friend of ours to take each of our heads off; so, Mr. Painter, execute thine office on that dear old Chief Baron whenever thou can'st catch him; on me at thy leisure." Thackeray's portrait was drawn at his new house in Kensington Palace-gardens. The painter made two drawings of the Chief Baron. Thackeray, when called on to choose between them, remarked, "You make me feel like the ass between the bundles of hay, but I'll take this one"—a sideface, which hung in his dining-room at Kensington till the day of his death. In this portrait of 1862 Thackeray is represented in an attitude which all who knew him will recognise as characteristic and familiar,—reading, with the page held almost perpendicular, and near the face. There is the power of the nobly-arched brow, the softness, yet keenness, of the candid eyes, and the sensibility and sweetness of the delicately-curved and finely-cut mouth, which in his face so perfectly redeemed the effect of the nose, early flattened by the fist of a schoolfellow at the Charterhouse. It is such a likeness of Thackeray as his friends will like to have, and would wish strangers to identify him with. It presents him in the serenity and sweetness of his happier moments, and it is as he looked in such moments that those who most lament his premature death must oftenest call him up to remembrance. For such a likeness we have every reason to be grateful to Mr. Lawrence, and to the photographer's art, which multiplies copies of such a drawing so cheaply.—*Times*.

## W. M. THACKERAY.

Il recherchait le monde; il fréquentait les salons d'où la gaieté n'est point bannie; il était bon compagnon; il était ami généreux et délicat. Voici une anecdote qui est à ma connaissance personnelle, et qui montre Thackeray sous un trop aimable aspect pour que je résiste au plaisir de vous la raconter.

Il y a quelques années, les journaux de Londres annonçaient qu'un Français dont il est inutile que je vous dise le nom, allait donner en anglais, dans le quartier de Saint-John's Wood, ce qu'on appelle ici une lecture. Au nombre de ceux qui, mûs par un sentiment de bienveillance délicate et de curiosité hospitalière, songèrent à aller l'encourager de leur présence, Thackeray fut des plus empressés. La lecture finie, l'administrateur (*manager*) de l'institution littéraire de l'endroit eut devoir, je ne sais à quel propos, recommander aux assistants de ne pas sortir sans prendre garde à leurs poches, la foule étant très serrée aux portes. Cette recommandation, adressée à un auditoire composé de personnes très respectables, dont quelques-unes très distinguées, fit un fort mauvais effet. Il y en eut qui réclamèrent, et nul n'éleva la voix avec plus d'éloquente vivacité qu'un inconnu très bien couvert, qui était assis à côté de M. Robert Bell. Non content de parler, l'inconnu gesticulait, et cela d'une manière étrangement animée: N'est-ce pas, monsieur, disait-il à M. Bell, qu'un pareil avis est indécent, insultant! Pour qui nous prend-on? etc., etc., etc... Après avoir exhalé de la sorte son indignation, le susceptible inconnu s'éclipsa; et lorsque M. Robert Bell, voulant savoir combien de temps la lecture avait duré, consulta sa montre, il se trouva qu'elle lui avait été volée. Thackeray apprit de son excellent ami Robert Bell, séance tenante, cette triste aventure, et l'invita à dîner pour un des jours suivants. Le jour venu, autour d'une table égayée par la présence de

plusieurs hommes d'esprit, M. Robert Bell alla prendre place, et ne tarda pas à voir un joyeux assaut à soutenir, relativement à un article de lui, très remarqué et très remarquable, qui avait paru dans le *Cornhill Magazine*, alors sous la direction de M. Thackeray,—article contenant un exposé fidèle, sérieux et philosophique des faits de *spiritisme*, dont l'auteur avait été témoin dans une séance donnée par M. Home. M. Robert Bell est un admirable causeur, plein de bon sens britannique et de verve irlandaise. Les questionneurs trouvèrent donc à qui parler, et chacun fit merveilles. Le lendemain, un messager mystérieux arrive chez M. Robert Bell, et lui remet, sans pouvoir dire qui l'envoie, une boîte dans laquelle était un billet ainsi conçu ou à peu près: "Les esprits présentent leurs compliments à Robert Bell, et, pour lui témoigner leur gratitude, ils ont l'honneur de lui faire tenir la montre qu'on lui a volée." C'était effectivement une montre que la boîte contenait, mais une montre beaucoup plus belle et beaucoup plus riche que celle qui avait disparu. M. Robert Bell pensa tout de suite à Thackeray et lui écrivit, sans s'expliquer davantage: "Je ne sais si c'est vous... Mais cela vous ressemble bien!" Thackeray répondit par l'envoi de son portrait dessiné de sa main en caricature sous la forme d'un esprit ailé, avec robe flottante et lunettes sur le nez. Thackeray s'était d'abord adonné à la peinture, et, s'il eut suivi sa première vocation, peut-être serait-il arrivé à manier le pinceau aussi bien qu'il a manié la plume. Ce qui est sûr, c'est que le dessin en question—je l'ai vu—était à vous faire rire aux larmes. Il était accompagné d'un billet dont voici la teneur: "L'Esprit Gabriel présente ses compliments à M. Robert Bell, et prend la liberté de lui faire passer le portrait de la personne qui paie pour la montre." Je me hâte de vous prévenir que cette traduction est détestable, et que les mots qui *paie pour la montre* remplacent par une expression vulgaire et plate les mots anglais "*who stood the watch*," lesquels appartiennent au langage de l'argot britannique (*slang*) et sont malheureusement intraduisibles.

No voilà-t-il pas une charmante petite histoire, dites-moi? Que de grâce, que de délicatesse, que "d'humour" dans cette inspiration d'un ami qui, pour punir son ami d'avoir fait aux Esprits l'honneur de parler d'eux, lui envoie, le sourire sur les lèvres, un magnifique cadeau! Honorable pour Thackeray, cette anecdote l'est aussi pour Robert Bell, capable d'avoir inspiré de tels sentiments à un tel homme. C'est pourquoi j'ai à la consigner ici un double plaisir.

Encore un trait caractéristique, et j'ai fini. Dans Thackeray, cet écrivain si terriblement subtil, il y avait un homme naïf; dans cet écrivain d'un verbe si redoutable, il y avait un homme singulièrement timide. Dans le monde il paraissait embarrassé, et si sa conversation n'était pas très brillante, c'est,—je l'ai toujours supposé du moins,—parce qu'elle se ressentait de cet embarras. Sa sensibilité avait quelque chose de si féminin, que je l'ai vu, en certaines circonstances, rougir comme une jeune fille. Si l'on me demandait d'expliquer en deux mots ce que je pense de son génie, je dirais.—C'est un génie né de l'union d'un esprit extraordinairement sagace avec une âme tendre et candide.

L. LÉGAULT (Blanc).

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A notice appeared in your paper of Saturday last of Mrs. Howard's concert (Edinburgh) which took place on the 11th inst., in which notice my performance was favourably spoken of. The notice was taken from the *Edinburgh Evening Courier*. But as some of the performers were not mentioned in your extract I have been accused of having sent you a mutilated notice of the said concert. Will you kindly send me a line by return of post, stating the *truth*, viz.: that I have had no communication with you on this or any other subject. I may mention that Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who gave the concert, are as much in the dark as myself in this matter, as they inform me that they are not in the habit of sending notices of their concerts to the papers, and have not done so in this instance. I am only anxious to clear myself of any aspersions of having acted in any way unprofessionally in this matter, and I know you will do me full justice. If you prefer to insert this letter in your next and answer it in your own usual manner it will be as satisfactory to yours faithfully,

17, York Place, Edinburgh.

J. THORNE HARRIS.

[We received no communication whatever from Mr. Harris on the subject. The notice was prepared for us in the usual way, by the gentleman under whose care the provincial department of the *Musical World* is conducted. Ed.]

LIVERPOOL.—At the next concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society (Tuesday, the 9th inst.) Madame Arabella Goddard is engaged. The committee have requested her to play Sterndale Bennett's Fourth Concerto (F minor). It is scarcely necessary to say that the proposition received the heartiest assent.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8, 1864.

## MENDELSSOHN NIGHT.

\*. Wednesday, February 3rd, being the 55th anniversary of the birth of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the Director of the Monday Popular Concerts believed that the 142nd Concert (the next immediately following that date) would most appropriately, and most in consonance with the wishes of his patrons, be dedicated to the works of that illustrious master. The Programme for Monday next (Feb. 8) will, therefore, consist exclusively of selections from the vocal and instrumental compositions of Mendelssohn.

## PART I.

QUINTET, in B flat for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello  
MM. VIEUXTEMPS, L. RIES, H. WEBB, HANN and PAQUE . . . Mendelssohn.  
SONG, "I'm a roamer" (*Son and Stranger*)—Mr. SANTLEY . . . Mendelssohn.  
SONG, "The First Violet"—Miss BANKS . . . Mendelssohn.  
CAPRICE, in E major, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ . . . Mendelssohn.

## PART II.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 12, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello  
MM. VIEUXTEMPS, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PAQUE . . . Mendelssohn.  
SONG, "The Charmer"—Miss BANKS . . . Mendelssohn.  
TRIO, in C minor, for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello—Mr.  
CHARLES HALLÉ, M. VIEUXTEMPS and M. PAQUE . . . Mendelssohn.

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; To be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50 New Bond Street, &c., &c.

## NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMSTERDAM.—The letter about M. and Madame Sainton at Amsterdam arrived too late for insertion this week. It will, however, appear in our next number.

MR. CHIDLEY PIDDING.—Madame Laura Baxter sang "Fac ut portem" in D—a tone lower than the original.

MR. PHELPS AND THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON COMMITTEE.—Next week.

## MARRIAGE.

On Thursday, Jan. 28th, W. H. HOLMES, Esq., of 36 Beaumont Street, to Miss M'BEAN.

## DEATH.

On the 16th Jan., at Bockerheim, ASTON SCHINDLER, friend and biographer of Beethoven.

## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—First in the field, according to its custom, the Musical Society of London commenced its public operations for the present year with a concert on Wednesday evening,

Jan. 27th. The programme contained rather more than the average amount of novelty. The performance was, on the whole, exceedingly good. The room was as crowded as usual, and everything passed off in that easy and familiar style of brilliancy which the subscribers now begin to take as a matter granted and of course. Further than this mere mention, however, I have nothing now to do with the proceedings of Wednesday evening; they have been amply reported in another issue of your paper. My present business is with the Society itself, its promises and prospects. After six years of active existence the time has surely come that it should carry on its front some mark of significance—something to show its right to live as a musical institution of this country. The question is now, indeed, very commonly asked, "What is the meaning of this Society?" What are its special pretensions?—has it, indeed, any professed object whereon to found a claim to distinction among the crowd of purely concert-giving associations? There are millions of individuals who live and die without making the faintest impress on their age and country. Their whole business of life is to struggle with its necessities, to pay rent and taxes and leave a good name, if nothing more substantial, to their posterity. For any use they are in the world,—for any addition they can make to the general sum of human learning, or virtue, or enjoyment, they might as well have never troubled their mothers with their birth, or the undertakers with their burial. These men, however, cannot help all this. They come into the world without their own consent, and while here they *must* live, or, at least, they think so. But there is no apparent reason why this familiar and inevitable condition of things among individuals should be voluntarily imitated with all the pompous assertion and cumbrous machinery of a great society. There is no intelligible meaning in banding some eighteen hundred people together under the wing of a sounding title, and with all the apparatus of "laws," "objects," "council," "Fellows," "Associates," &c., in which projectors delight, if it turns out that the only practical result of six years' existence is the doing of that (with perhaps a little extra glorification of the officials) which is done quite as well in a dozen other quarters. That reasoning of this, and even of a more doubting kind, is now pretty extensively applied to the Musical Society of London is sufficiently notorious; and if it should prove well founded, it may be worth while to enquire how this comes about.

The announced projects of the Society were, certainly, enough in advance of those professed by other institutions to give it an individual title to existence. Among these I need but mention concerts on the grandest scale, lectures and discussions at Fellows' meetings, a library of the best musical works for the use of members, private choral meetings for the practice of part-singing, chamber and orchestral trials of new compositions, social gatherings or *conversazioni*, and lastly that "general advancement of music" which usually does its vague and shadowy office at the foot of such declarations. Now here is promise enough in all conscience. But, looking solely to facts, I fear it will be pronounced that, among all these "objects," the concerts alone have been consistently maintained; and even in these the programmes have generally given unequivocal signs of either timidity or prejudice in that which should be a specially instructive feature, the introduction of little known works. The Fellows' meetings are few, and the "discussions" have hitherto been ridiculous failures. Of two "lectures" delivered, one, by Professor Pole, on the elements of harmonics, was as interesting and admirably



illustrated as it was wretchedly attended; while the other, on the "Laryngoscope," was chiefly remarkable for the occasion taken by both doctors and singing-masters to utter the usual number of fallacies about the formation of vocal tone. The library, though good, is not extensive; while it is made practically valueless by regulations which limit its accessibility to two hours on each of two days in the week. The meetings for choral practice languish because the council cannot afford to supply new music for the use of the members, who naturally weary of the useless repetitions thus forced upon them. The orchestral trials have produced two works of merit—symphonies by M. Silas and Mr. J. F. Barnett; but, for the rest, I can only say that if any of the audience—except, indeed, the composers and their personal friends—experienced the slightest pleasure or profit, they are indeed most easily gratified. And, lastly, the *conversazioni* have so got into disfavour with the authorities—either because of their expense, or that they are distasteful to some of the council—that the number was last year reduced to one; while they entirely disappear from the scheme of the present season, to be supplanted by two anomalous entertainments, the nature of which (beyond that they are termed "Soirées" and will be held at the Hanover Square Rooms) has not yet been divulged.

Taking all these facts together, it is tolerably evident that the management of the society does not make progress with its work. Indeed, there is, if anything, a backward tendency in its operations which seems to indicate that the pinch of responsibility is already making itself felt. That this point, if not already reached, will, without the most skilful administration, speedily present itself, is quite certain. Meanwhile, there is yet time to avert it. The present pressure is merely the result of a congenital weakness. Without double the existing number of members—such a number, in fact, as no London concert room could contain—the present rate of subscription is utterly inadequate to the vigorous prosecution of all the society's objects. For this, of course, the council are not responsible. But, if to this evil—now, I suppose, past cure—be superadded a vicious and one-sided legislation,—if, unmindful of the peculiar constitution of the society, the already professional, not to say sectarian, element in the council, should once be allowed full scope to treat the guineas of the subscribers as merely means to its own professional ends, the days of this even now flourishing society are numbered. It should never be forgotten that the *subscribing* strength of the society is with the amateurs, and that a very large proportion of these are ladies. To these, music is not a matter of life and fame; it is simply a pleasure. They care little for classical prejudices, nor trouble themselves much whether it is the fashion to call Berlioz a lunatic, or *was* (until lately), to dub Gounod a quack. They pay their money for a season's enjoyment, and if they do not get it they will cease to pay. They love the concerts; they (ladies specially) esteem the *conversazioni* among the most enjoyable evenings of the London season; many relish and profit by the choral practices; and some would even avail themselves of the library, if more accessible. But who, among this large number, cares one straw for the "Orchestral Trials"? To me, with professional interests at heart, they are wearisome enough. But what body of amateurs can be expected cheerfully to pay for (without enjoying) the rehearsal of very inferior music, simply to indulge the vanity of some among us who think that, had they but the solid pudding of patronage, there might be a few more Beethovens in the world?

There should be no errors committed on this very impor-

tant point. The paying element in the Musical Society of London is, undoubtedly, among its amateurs. Whether this be right or consistent with the intentions of the institution, it is now too late to enquire;—the fact is not to be evaded. Bearing this in mind, humoring it as it deserves, and pleasing it as it will insist, all may yet be well. But if, unfortunately, any determined intention be shown of ruling this large amateur body for exclusively professional purposes, there needs no prophet to announce its ignominious failure.—I am, Sir,

LAVENDER PITT.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—As you noticed in your leading columns, some time since, the commemoration by the Pesarese of Rossini's natal day, perhaps you would also like to insert the master's grateful recognition of the honour paid him. I think, and think you will think, that the letter is worthy the illustrious pen that wrote it:—

"ADORABILE AMICO—All'istante mi perviene da Pesaro un esemplare dell'appello al Pesaresi per la formazione della Società così detta Rossiniana (invio fattomi non so da qual mano gentile). Non posso esprimervi, mio caro Conte, quale e quanta sia l'emozione da me risentita nel leggere questo appello, che tanto mi onora e che a pari tempo mi prova l'affetto *immeritato* che mi portano i miei concittadini. Siate, ve ne supplico, il mio eloquente interprete presso quei signori componenti la Commissione Madre, e fate loro aggirare i sentimenti della più viva e sentita mia riconoscenza.

"Non fu l'azzardo che mi dette i natali in Pesaro, ma bensì Iddio che volle darmi comune la patria a Giulio Perticari, affinché uniti (come il facemmo) rappresentassimo in questa valle di miserie piena, la dolcezza del cuore, la purezza dei sentimenti, l'amor vero e caldo della patria!!! Nulla mi fu dato del mio vivente poter operare a vantaggio de' miei concittadini. Verrà giorno però (che il Cielo tenga per alcun poco lontano) nel quale, per la forza di un testamento, da me vergato parecchi anni or sono, potranno, i miei dilettezzissimi Pesaresi, rilevare quale e quanto sia stato l'affetto che loro ho portato.

"Caro conte Gordiano, non potrà mai cancellarsi dalla mia mente la generosa ed affettuosa ospitalità ricevuta dai fratelli Perticari all'occasione dell'apertura del nuovo teatro di Pesaro, nè eziandio la visita ricevuta a Passy in unione ai vostri dilettezzissimi figli, ai quali desidero essere ricordato. Oh potessi riabbracciarvi ancora prima del mio morire!! Siate indulgente per la dicitura di questa mia, scritta in fretta e sotto un'emozione non ordinaria. Ho però la forza e la consolazione di dirvi che nessuno vi è più affezionato di

"ROSSINI.

"Parigi, 15 genn. 1864, 2, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin."

To the above is added, in a postscript—"Mad. Rossini vuol esservi ricordata." The letter is addressed to Count Gandiano Perticari—a nobleman with whose family Rossini has long been on intimate terms.

GROKER ROORES.

TO DISHLEY PETERS, ESQ.

DEAR PETERS,—I had sat me down, pen in hand, to address you about any one of the next half-dozen "humbugs" occurring to me as the peculiar property of the musical profession, when I was roused by the familiar summons of the postman, but, this time, unusually *prestissimo* and *fortissimo*. "It is the postman, certainly," thought I; "but why thus fearfully energetic?" However, it turned out to be Saturday, and the government messenger seems never more conscious of his importance than on that day,—he brings the *Musical World*. And the *Musical World* it was. I opened it with my usual greed of information. Like the victim of the *Circumlocution Office*, I am always "wanting to know." I want to know when there will be another new opera by Balfe or Wallace; when there will be a few English singers who can speak their own language; which of the "illustrious obscure" has most lately succeeded in extracting

a testimonial from a grateful public;—in fact, I like to know the news. This time, I opened the *Musical World* to some purpose,—I have got the news with a vengeance. I have seen your letter, and, in it, the most utterly staggering piece of information that ever crossed my path. Either you have been hoaxing us all,—either you did *not* go to a barber's shop near St. Stephen's; you did *not* get shaved; you did *not* read a paper; or else you have unearthed such a preposterous piece of "humbug" as is rarely ventured on, even in the world of music. If you have really spoken truth, we are coolly requested by a Vienna journalist to accept a string of superstitions, compared with which (for digestibility I mean), the theological notions of any undiscovered part of Central Africa *must* be mere pap for babes and sucklings. We are told to believe, in effect, that Herr Ernst Pauer is a very great man. As we all live on the spot, and are, therefore, presumably acquainted with the facts, we may be surprised to hear that Herr Ernst Pauer's services at the late Exhibition were of the greatest public value, that he has acquired universal musical authority in England, and that it needed his "Historical Concerts" to make us acquainted with Bach and Beethoven,—nevertheless, the Vienna paper says so. We may be, also, a little startled by the subsidiary piece of information to the effect that England—in spite of all the benevolent exertions of foreign visitors—is still so musically barren as to stand in much need of a further supply of "German missionaries," who will, of course, follow in Herr Pauer's apostolic track, and "musically christen and confirm innumerable ladies and gentlemen!" Alarming intelligence, this; yet the Vienna journal positively affirms it. You say, Leopold de Meyer doesn't believe a word of it. Good;—neither do I, of course. Still, knowing, and therefore not believing, one part of the story, and quite believing, though not knowing, the remainder, I "want to know," among other things, who put this precious rubbish into the paper you quote? And I do *not* "pause for a reply."

I am not going to worry myself, or you, with a host of long-tailed anathemas against this scribe of Vienna. I will not dilate on the frightful ignorance of English facts displayed in his remarks; nor can I admire the heroism of his suicide in printing them. All this was to be expected, and follows naturally from his *habitat*. Turkey was once called the "old man of Europe:—Vienna is much more certainly its old woman. Your friend Saphir is reputed to have made some fun out of one of the millenium panics by announcing that he was in no personal fear about the "Cumming" conflagration, as he should stay where he was, and "Vienna was well-known to be a hundred years behind the rest of the world." Well, then, it is not the ignorance or assumption of the thing that annoys me just now half as much as the air of unguineness which pervades every line of it. It is not only the "puff-direct;" it is the puff-direct directly instigated. No one in his senses will or can believe that the Vienna journalist, how beer-bemuddled soever, made all this nonsense "out of his own head." It matters nothing who wrote it; whether editor, sub, or "devil." The question is, who dictated it, or, to use the French official slang, who "inspired" it. There is what is called "internal evidence" of a very damaging description about the whole of it. There are particulars alleged, of which the writer could have had no knowledge, and therefore must either have invented or have been "crammed" with. Ill-natured people will be sure to say,—well, never mind that at present.

Before I go on to hint what ill-natured people may say, let me, with all deference to your superior information, give

the Vienna writer a few facts to digest in preparation for his next article. As far, then, as he is known in this country—which is by no means overwhelmingly—Herr Ernst Pauer is a pianoforte teacher in good practice. He is reputed an able master; he has certainly given some "Historical Concerts;" and he has otherwise played in public, thereby demonstrating that he plays as well as a hundred other London pianists—neither better nor worse. His services at the Exhibition were never heard of—except at Vienna; being one of the "ruck," he has no musical authority here, either universal or otherwise; and, as a composer, he is chiefly credited with his *Cascade*, which I, for one (as you, for two), devoutly wish was, with all other pianoforte water-works, handed over to Mr. Page's system of main-drainage. As to his "christening and confirming innumerable ladies and gentlemen," I can only say I never saw his font, don't believe in his ritual, and have no proof of his spiritual calling, except the German mysticism, otherwise "bosh," which you have quoted. Whether he really believes that he has taught us anything of Bach and Beethoven, I don't, of course, know, but, guessing at Herr Pauer's age from his "slim grenadier figure," &c., I cannot be wrong in asserting that both authors were pretty extensively known in this country many years before he was born. In conclusion I should like to give the Vienna journalist a small practical hint. If he entertains any serious "missionary" views about this country,—if, in other words, he knows some hundred or so of second-rate professors wanting employment, I strenuously advise him to do his best to keep them at home. We have more than enough of that class here already; we are well-nigh be-Germanized to suffocation. And, by way of postscript, I must gently remind him that he has been venting all this intolerable trash about a country in which Handel wrote all his works, for which Haydn wrote his best symphonies, for which Mendelssohn was specially engaged to produce his *Elijah*, and in which more true and great music is heard in one year than in all Germany in five.

But, all this time, I have forgotten what ill-natured people may say. Well, I think they will say that, when a man, unhappily in mourning for his trumpeter and pending the appointment of a successor, resolves to take that office on himself, it is pity he does not do his practice a trifle more warily. Yours as ever,

ABIRAM T. POTTS.

MR. STEPHEN C. FOSTER, the popular American ballad writer, has just died in New York. His loss will be equally lamented in England, where his songs were more successful than those of any composer during the last ten years. The following are some of Mr. Foster's most favorite ballads:—Willie, we have missed you," "Come where my love lies dreaming," "Hard times," "Camptown Races," "Gentle Annie," "Lucy Long," "Cheer up, Sam."

MRS. MEREST (Miss Maria B. Hawes) has announced a class of elementary instruction for singing. The well-known experience of this talented artiste will no doubt secure her a large portion of public favor.

FAUST.—A morning performance of *Faust* is announced at Her Majesty's Theatre for Monday next with Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, Mdlle. Florence Lancia and Signor Marchesi in the principal characters.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND SONS have disposed of the copyright of M. Schachner's oratorio, *Israel's Return from Babylon*, to a private gentleman, a friend of the author.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—*Elijah* was given on Wednesday evening with Madame Rudersdorf, Misses Annie Cox, Emma Heywood, Annie Meadows, Messrs. Sims Reeves, G. T. Carter, J. Matthews and Santley as principal vocalists. Particulars in our next.

## PARIS.

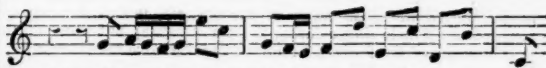
(From our own Correspondent.)

The first performance of the *Barbieri* for the season, a few nights since, when Signor Mario made his *réentrée*, in some respects recalled the best days of the Italiens. The favorite tenor was in fine voice and exerted all his powers to please—and how great they are I need not say,—stimulated, no doubt, by the assemblage of rank and fashion who greeted him with the heartiest welcome, and stimulated even more by the knowledge that Mdlle. Adelina Patti, the pearl of Rosinas—who should have been christened Rosina Patti—was his fellow-labourer, his unjealous rival in interpreting the divine music of Rossini. Such a Rosina and such an Almaviva, so perfect both in singing and acting, would have satisfied to fullness the most exacting auditors, but that unfortunately (and yet how fortunately for Art) there are other characters in the *Barbieri* besides the count and his lady-love who will not allow themselves to be ignored, and who claim emphatically the profoundest respect and consideration. There is, to wit, the Barber himself—"Signor Figaro," as pretty polite Patti, I mean Rosina, calls him in the extremity of condescension—who has much good music to sing, which anybody may find out who pays strict attention to the opera. There is, too, the old Doctor, who plays an important part in the score, to say nothing directly of his share in the first finale and the whole of the lesson scene. There is Don Basilio, whose song, "La Calunnia," calumny itself listens to with beating heart and tearful eye; and there is old What's-her-name, Marcellina, or Barberina—Mozart and Rossini have not agreed about her name, the only point upon which they ever seriously differed—who sings that treasure of an old people's-song, "Cerca moglie," which Ferdinand Hiller found out from Rossini himself was no borrowed "good," but a veritable offshoot from his own genius. All which considered, it follows inevitably that Rossini's *Barbieri di Siviglia* cannot be sustained satisfactorily by Rosina and Conte Almaviva, even if Adelina Patti were the one and Mario the other. From which, being intimately acquainted with my style and method of arguing, you will instantly jump to a conclusion that Mdlle. Patti and Signor Mario were not so well supported as they might be. And that such was the case you will readily believe when I inform you that Signor Delle-Sedie was Figaro, and, (should you happen to know them,) Signor Antonucci, Basilio, Signor Scalse, Bartolo. The latter is undoubtedly an improvement on Signor Zucchini, who was as dry as a lime-burner's wig; and the former may be good, as he was "enrheumed" when I heard him. Nevertheless, so bright and ecstatic in their parts were Mdlle. Adelina Patti and Signor Mario, so conscious of what they were singing, as deeming it an artist's true mission on earth to interpret such music of the spheres, that the hearers were intoxicated with delight. By the way the audience did meet with a disappointment. It was given out by some of the journals that Mdlle. Patti would introduce in the lesson scene one of two unpublished songs by Rossini, dedicated to the Queen of Spain, entitled "A Grenade," and "La Venne Audalouse." The young lady, however,—no doubt much against her inclination—was compelled to give, instead, the "Echo Song," by Herr Eckert, which she has frequently introduced before in the same scene. *Marta* is to be the next opera for Mdlle. Patti, who will be supported by Signors Mario and Delle-Sedie, and Madame Méric-Lablache. *Maria di Rohan* is in rehearsal for Madame Charton-Demeur, Madame Méric-Lablache, Signors Nicolini and Delle-Sedie. Madame Spezza is engaged with her husband, Signor Aldighieri, and will appear in *Norma*. I hear, too, that *Così Fan Tutte* will be revived, and that Signor Naudin will make his first appearance this season in it. The Sisters Marchisio are *en route*, so that it cannot be said M. Bagier rests upon his oars. Indeed, if energy alone would complete the requisites of an administration the Italiens would be governed to perfection.

At the Grand Opera the restoration to health of Mdlle. Marie Battu has led to the "resumption" of the performances of Rossini's *Moïse*. Strange that the representations of so great a work, which has cost an immense sum in its production, and which has created more interest and excitement than any opera, original or revived, brought out at the National Theatre for years, should depend on a very ordinary singer. *En attendant* the performances of *Moïse*, we have the *Huguenots* and the *Juive*, and on both occasions the house was full. How the audience were enticed to hear Halevy's

music passes my understanding. The new ballet which has been in rehearsal upwards of five months, and was given out as *Les Nuits de Venise*, has been re-christened *La Maschera*. It is in three acts and five tableaux, and will be "mounted," as we say here, with great splendor and magnificence. The author of the book is M. de Saint-Georges; the choregraphic part is by M. Rota; and the music by M. P. Giorza, a young composer of repute in his own country, and who, although not more than twenty-seven years of age, has written the music for thirty ballets in Italy, all of which were successful.\* Mdlle. Amina Boschetti will make her *débüt* in the principal character. Shortly after the production of *La Maschera* it is anticipated that the new one-act opera of MM. Cormon, Michel Carré and Ernest Bonlauger will be brought out. It is to be called *Daniel*, and the principal artists engaged in it are MM. Warot, Cazaux and Grisy, Mdlle. Levelly, whom, I mentioned in my last.

BLACKHEATH.—(From a correspondent). An entertainment of an unusual character was given here on Saturday afternoon, and attracted all the *élite* of the neighbourhood. The name of Arabella Goddard exercises a spell wherever it is announced; but on the present occasion its power was seven-fold, inasmuch as she performed no less than nine pieces of classical music, from the early masters to those of our own immediate time. "Madame Arabella Goddard's Recital," as the entertainment was styled, will long be remembered at Blackheath, where there are many cultivated amateurs, and where all the ladies play more or less well. There was no other instrument than the pianoforte; but on this the young and gifted artist was heard with the more delight inasmuch as her fairy fingers were on the key-board almost without intermission for the space of nearly two hours, drawing forth sounds the most ravishing. First she gave J. S. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C sharp major (No. 3 of the first Book of the famous "48"):



—which will be recognised by the theme of the Fugue, even without the signature of the seven sharps. Her next piece was Handel's *Suite* in E, containing the "Harmonious Blacksmith." The audience were enchanted with both, but more especially with the variations of Handel—I mean to say the majority of the audience, for the genuine connoisseurs preferred the delicious Prelude and Fugue of Handel's great contemporary. To Handel succeeded Joseph Woelfl, the *Andante* and *Variations* (on "Life let us cherish") from whose *Ne Plus Ultra*, played with Arabella Goddard's accustomed perfection, seemed to afford especial satisfaction. Then came the grandest performance of the morning—Beethoven's magnificent *Sonata Appassionata*, magnificently interpreted—and, it is agreeable to add, without curtailment. This was not a bit too much for the Blackheath audience, who listened with the utmost interest to every movement of the noble work, and were unanimous in their applause at the conclusion. Next we had a pleasant little caprice by Stephen Heller, appropriately coupled with one of Chopin's graceful waltzes; and lastly, Sterndale Bennett's most melodious and beautifully worked out *Rondo Piacerevole* (which, twenty years ago, little Charles Filtch used to play so often and so well), just as appropriately coupled with the *Spinnlied* (in C)—No. 4, Book VI. of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. The *Spinnlied* being rapturously encored, the charming pianist played another *lied*—the *Frühlingslied* (in A)—No. 6, Book V. Here was a "Recital" worth a journey for any distance. The pianoforte pieces were separated from each other by songs by Miss Banks and Mr. Weiss, Mr. W. Killick Morley, the enterprising concert giver at Greenwich, being accompanist. The entertainment was from first to last a brilliant success.

BRIGHTON.—The *Brighton Guardian* states that "there was a very good room at the Pavilion on Monday night to witness Mr. Kennedy's entertainment on the 'Songs of Scotland,' and the audience were—if we are to judge by the applause, which greeted part of the performance—greatly delighted with the vocal efforts of the artist."

\* It is a pity he did not give Mr. Mapleson the advantage of some of his good ballet-music at Her Majesty's Theatre, instead of such rubbish as *Negri et Bianchi*.—Ed.



## MUTTONIANA.

[Mr. Owain Ap' Mutton invites contributions to this department of the *Musical World*, henceforth placed under his sole direction, and which he has with becoming modesty christened *Muttoniana*. No subject connected with the Art and its Professors is excluded,—and all queries inserted one week will be answered not later than the week following, either by Mr. Ap' Mutton, or, when his knowledge fails, by some more competent authority.]

## MENDELSSOHN AND ELIJAH.

SIR,—Not having seen any reply to the two enquiries respecting the original caste of *Elijah*, as produced at the Birmingham Festival in 1846, I have much pleasure in giving you all the information I can on the subject. Staudigl was the "Elijah," Madame Caradori Allan "The Widow," Mr. Lockey "Obadiah," and, by Mendelssohn's express desire, I combined the two parts, the "Angel" and "Jezebel." The trio, "Lift thine eyes," was not originally in the oratorio, but the same words were set as a duet, which, if I remember rightly, was sung by Miss A. Williams and Miss Bassano.

As very few persons are aware of the narrow escape that *my song* had of being lost to the world, I enclose you an anecdote that will be interesting to your Mendelssohnian admirers. I hope I may be forgiven for laying claim to it as *my song*, after having been the means of saving it:—

"It was for Miss Hawes that Mendelssohn wrote the contralto part of his *Elijah*. When that oratorio was about to be produced at the Birmingham Festival in 1846, there was an effort made to procure omission of the exquisite air, 'O rest in the Lord,' of which the simple and sacred beauty has been felt as widely perhaps as even that of Handel's 'Comfort ye my people.' It was a telling piece, and given to Miss Hawes, who was the youngest of the singers. Mendelssohn, distrustful of his own work, hesitated, and preface the rehearsal of it by saying that many persons had thought it had better be omitted, as it was too like 'Auld Robin Gray';—'but perhaps you will kindly try it, Miss Hawes!' And her singing secured its retention. When she had done, 'The song shall not be cut out,' he said with animated emphasis. 'You have made me like it, and it SHALL NOT be omitted.' The voice that saved an air like that from unjust condemnation would deserve well of the world, if it had done no more."

Mendelssohn was so delighted with the effect of this song that he not only thanked me immediately after my performance of it (it having proved the great *encore* of the oratorio, in fact the *only* one awarded to a female singer during the performance), but when, on the next morning of the festival, I requested him to give me his autograph in remembrance of 1846, he sat down and wrote out the first four bars of "O rest in the Lord" with his name attached, and in returning me the book repeated his thanks most heartily. A performance of *Elijah* was got up in honor of the composer on the 29th April, 1847. An effort was made to secure the original singers; however, Staudigl, Lockey and myself were the only persons that sustained our own parts, the other singers being Misses Birch, Duval, and Kirkham and Mr. Alfred Novello—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

TO OWAIN AP'MUTTON, ESQ.

MARIA B. MENEZES.

7 Adelphi Terrace.

MR. AP'MUTTON, SIR,—With the "Miscellaneous," I forward another batch of—, just to show you that I was not shirking work. You had better, however, hold it over, till I have done the part contained in No. 52 of the—, for which I have in vain written to you twice. Perhaps you will let me have it when we meet. Your hard-working, zealous, untiring, gifted, and retiring contributor,

ABEL GREGG.

P.S.—As I know how particular you are against anything like jingle, you may alter "untiring" into "indefatigable," with which "retiring" has not any tonal similarity.

## FOWLER.

To AP'MUTTON, ESQ.

MR. AP' MUTTON, SIR,

The *Western Morning News* writes as follows:—"Fowler's sixth piano-forte recital took place at Reynold's Saloon, Torquay, and was attended by a large and distinguished audience. Fowler, as on previous occasions, had no assistance beyond his own wonderfully agile, sensitive, and powerful fingers, which at times were seen flying over the keys at lightning speed; at others the hands almost still, whilst the fingers were quivering like the wings of a hawk in the most delicate and airy passages. The barcarolle with which the recital opened is one of the brightest gems of a composer (Bennett) whose works will be better appreciated by the public of 1961 than that of the present day. Those delicious turns intermixed with staccato thoughts can never be forgotten after having been once heard. They form a very prominent feature in the movement, and at once strike the listener as being so exceedingly elegant that they are impressed upon the memory. Fowler's arrangement from *Der Freischütz* always causes a sensation, especially the part commencing with an extract from the incantation, the unearthly sounds of which are so contrasted to the joyousness of the 'Huntsman's Chorus' that the bursting in of the latter was hailed with marked delight

which led to wonder as the octave passages of the last two pages increased in pace, and finished with a perfect avalanche of wrist passages. The third and fourth pieces, by Chopin and Mendelssohn, were very pleasing, although far from being the best selections that could have been made from those masters. The 'Spinning wheel,' however, finished the first part brilliantly, and was taken at such a terrific pace that it seemed merely a pleasant buzz for just a minute and it was over. Much as the audience were delighted with the first part, it was altogether eclipsed by the second, for Fowler seemed to gather energy, fire, and even inspiration with each piece. Mozart's sonata in B flat was played evidently *con amore*, and the enthusiasm excited in him by this lovely composition was doubtless the origin of the extraordinary performances that followed. The three last pieces were played with a skill which can rarely have been surpassed by any one. The romantic *andante* from Weber's sonata in A flat created so marked an effect that in the very middle of it the audience could not resist a burst of applause. Döhler's *Fantasia* on *Guillaume Tell*, with which this really great performance ended, although considered enormously difficult, was played with such ease that Fowler must have considered it a trifle.

This is Ironbridge outironbridged, as Mr. Clemow would say.—  
O. AP'MUTTON.

SHREWSBURY.—A concert has been given in the Town Hall, the performers, both vocal and instrumental, being mostly amateurs, for the purpose of raising funds for the restoration of the beautiful organ presented nearly a quarter of a century ago by the Rev. Richard Scott. There was a numerous and elegant attendance. The most important feature of the concert was a new *Serenata*, composed for the occasion by Mr. Walter Hay (the words by Mr. J. P. Douglas) of which *Eddowes's Shrewsbury Journal* gives the following account:—

"The music to which the poem is wedded is peculiarly appropriate in character, and the composition, which displays much skill in the combinations of voices and instruments, and considerable originality in conception, represents the festivities of the 'olden' May-day; it has, however, an Italian complexion, the duet, 'It was in the May-day pastime,' being quite operatic in its style. The *Serenata* opens with an instrumental prelude in F, suggestive of day-break; this is followed by a chorus of maidens, 'Blithely on the wings of morning.' The subject of this chorus, which is in D minor, is effectively accompanied by two flutes, and is followed by a part-song in D major, with an accompaniment for brass instruments, 'Far along the meadows.' These two choruses represent the gathering of the villagers for a May-day festival, the first part concluding with a *moreau d'ensemble* in the pastoral style. 'Hope and love,' which, for joyousness of character and brilliancy of construction, would bear favorable comparison with the very best of our modern operatic compositions. There was something truly charming in the purity and freshness of the voices in the semi chorus, the notes ranging as high as A in some places, and at the conclusion of the first part the audience could not help testifying their approbation by rounds of applause. The second part, representing the May-day pastimes, opens with a charming melody in 3-4 time, which reappears again and again, supported now by the sopranos, now by the tenors, and then again by the basses in broad and vigorous counter melodies, which produced the happiest effect; this is followed by a short refrain for a tenor voice with cornet obligato, admirably rendered by Mr. Featon and Mr. G. M. Salt. Succeeding to this is a characteristic bass song in D, 'Ho! lads,' containing an invitation from the master of the revels to the jollities for which the parties are assembled, finely sung by the Rev. F. C. Guise, and calling forth a burst of applause due alike to composer and artist. The gem of the piece, however, is the duet to which we have before alluded, 'It was in the May-day pastime,' a sweet flowing melody, to which ample justice was done by Miss Agnes Salt and Captain Coldwell; it has a sparkling harp accompaniment, cleverly played by Mrs. G. M. Salt, with flute, clarinet, and violoncello *obbligati*, by Mr. J. Lloyd, Mr. Roxbee, and Major Hill. The finale is well conceived, forming a grand climax to one of the best compositions we have had the pleasure of hearing. The applause which followed the performance for some time was the best evidence of the opinion entertained of the composer under whose careful and energetic training it had been produced in such a state of completeness. Indeed so much delighted were they that nothing but a repetition would satisfy them, and the latter half was repeated with even more spirit and effect than before."

Both amateurs and artists exerted themselves to the utmost, and the result was highly satisfactory. Most successful among the amateurs was Mr. W. Newton in M. Ascher's popular song 'Alice, where art thou,' the Misses Salt in Mendelssohn's four-part song 'Now morning advances' (encored), Mr. F. C. Guise in Handels 'O ruddier than the cherry,' and Miss Salt, M. Victor Buzian, and Major Hill, in a *trio* for piano, violin, and violoncello, by Reissiger.

TURIN.—The King of Italy has conferred the Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus upon Sig. Luigi Bordese. M. Gounod's *Faust* has been produced at the Theatre Royal—a great hit.

**BIRKENHEAD** (*From a Correspondent*).—The Wirral Philharmonic Society here gave an excellent concert on Wednesday evening. Madame Parepa and Madame Arabella Goddard were both expressly engaged from London, and their names gave extra brilliancy to the programme. The concert began with the overture to *Preciosa*, which was followed by Mendelssohn's part-song, "The Woods." Both overture and part-song are delicious, and nothing could have been better chosen. Madame Parepa then gave the recitative and air of "The Queen of Night" (*Il Flauto Magico*), "Non paventar," with great fire and vigor. Madame Arabella Goddard's first piece was Weber's Concerto in E flat, all three movements of which she performed in splendid style, the *adagio* and the brilliant *rondo* expressly delighting her hearers. After the concerto came Horsley's glee, "By Celia's Arbour," sung by members of the chorus; and after the glee, "Bishop's "Lo! hear the gentle lark"—voice, Mad. Parepa; flute, Mr. Pidcock (of the Society's orchestra)—a highly effective performance. Horsley and Bishop were well matched and both admired. The *andante* from Haydn's Symphony in G—*The Surprise*—and the Chorus, "Envy! eldest born of hell," from Handel's *Saul*, brought the first part of the concert to an end. The second part opened with Boieldieu's sparkling overture to *La Dame Blanche*; and this gave way to Benedict's capital fantasia on Irish airs ("Erin"), which Madame Arabella Goddard played so admirably that a rapturous encore was the result, and there was no alternative but to accept it. Madame Parepa's other contributions were a complimentary song by Mr. Brinley Richards—"Daughter of Denmark"—and Herr Ganz's "Sing, Birdie, sing,"—each well sung, as may be imagined. Madame Parepa also was obliged to accept an encore, which she did most graciously. The rest of the programme consisted of a quintet by Reicha, for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon (Messrs. Pidcock, Jennings, Gladney, Wickett and Walters—principals in the band)—a very good performance; a chorus from Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*; J. L. Hatton's chorus, "The Urchin's Dance;" and Auber's overture to *Le Cheval de Bronze*. The concert was altogether a gratifying success. The following is a list of the members of the band belonging to this society:—first violins—Messrs. C. Baetens, Iles and H. Lawson; second violins—Messrs. W. H. Buck, Basvecchi and Brun; violas—Messrs. Jackson and Wilberforce; violoncellos—Messrs. Thorley and Tivendell; double-basses—Messrs. Saunders and Morris; flutes—Messrs. Pidcock and Akins; oboes—Messrs. Jennings, &c.; clarionets—Messrs. Gladney, &c.; bassoons—Messrs. Walters, &c.; horns—Messrs. Wickett and Edwards; trumpets—Messrs. Greenwood, &c.; drum—Mr. Jolliffe; triangle—Mr. Jingle; conductor—Mr. Samuel Percival.

**SUNDERLAND**.—At Mr. Vincent's subscription concert recently given in the Athenaeum, the following artists appeared:—Master Willie Pape, Miss Rose Hersee, Mr. Price, of the Durham Cathedral choir, and Mr. David Lambert, lately appointed bass singer in Durham Cathedral. During the evening Master W. Pape played several solos from memory, in a wonderfully clever manner, and received several encores. Mr. Price received an encore in Bishop's "Pilgrim of Love," which he sang in a pleasing manner. Mr. Lambert made his *début* in Sunderland, and gave Mendelssohn's "I am a roamer," in first-rate style, and was enthusiastically encored, when he sang Mr. Wallace's "Bell ringer." His next effort was an old English song entitled, "Come, lasses and lads," also encored, but not repeated. Miss Rose Hersee has a very pleasing voice, and her singing is very brilliant; she too was encored in both her songs. The accompaniments were well played by Mr. Vincent. The attendance was very full and aristocratic, and the concert terminated with "God Save the Queen."—*Correspondent*.

**DUBLIN**.—The first concert for the nineteenth season of the Dublin Madrigal Society, which took place on January 30th, at the Antient Concert Hall, Great Brunswick Street, was a complete success. The concert opened with the madrigal, "Where Flow'ry Meadows," which went nicely under the able direction of Mr. R. M. Levey, conductor of the society. Professor Glover elicited an encore by his execution of a fantasia on the pianoforte, his own composition, founded on the march from *Faust*. Miss Lyons, now one of our favorite vocalists, sang an air from *Beatrice di Tenda*, with sweetness and expression, and was applauded. Miss Julia Cruise won an encore in the Irish ballad, "Oh come to Glengarriff," and Mr. Fanning was similarly complimented in Mr. Balfe's "Muleteer." He sang in response "Oh let me like a soldier fall." Mr. Baker also gave the airs assigned to him successfully, as did also Mr. A. de Martelly, who was encored in "Viva la patria Terra."—(*Freeman's Journal*.)

The general meeting of the fellows and associates of the Musica Society of London came off on Wednesday. There was, as usual, a small attendance, and even a smaller attendance than usual on the part of the members of the council. Mr. Henry Smart (professional) retired, and Signor Garcia was elected in his place. The two retiring non-professional members were re-elected. After the annual report had been read and discussed (of which we shall have something to say in our next), the long talked-of testimonial was presented to Mr. Charles Salaman, Hon. Sec. This consisted of a handsome silver epergne and a purse with 125 guineas. It was presented by Mr. Edward James, Q. C., in an appropriate speech, to which Mr. Salaman replied at some length. More next week.

At the Council Meeting, on Monday next, the following resolutions will be proposed by Mr. Henry Leslie:—

1st. "In order to keep the expenses of the Society well within its income, and to be prepared for bad seasons, a Reserve Fund be instituted. Such fund to be established by the investment of a sum equivalent to ten per cent. of the amount of subscription for each season, the number of subscriptions being immediately after the first concert of the season. Such Reserve Fund not to be drawn upon unless under circumstances of the most urgent necessity."

2nd. "In order to maintain that important feature which has so materially added to the interest of the Society's Concerts, namely, the production of works by resident composers, letters be addressed to Messrs. Benedict, Sterndale Bennett, G. A. Macfarren and Silas, inviting them to prepare works for the ensuing season, one of such works to be performed at each Concert of the Society during the season 1864-5. The Society to bear the expense of copying the parts for the orchestra."

3rd. "That the programme, usually distributed at the Concerts, be discontinued, and that a programme in the form of a book be issued, such book to be sold at Sixpence a copy."

**SALISBURY**.—The first evening concert of the church choir of St. Paul's, Fisherton, proved successful, under the direction of Mr. Spinney. The assembly-room, notwithstanding the weather, was filled by an audience who testified their approval of the entertainment by frequent bursts of applause. The choir executed several part-songs capitally, especially Mr. Spinney's "Spring," which was honoured with an encore. Miss Mattie Spinney was the pianist; and a Salisbury journal, writing about this concert, says, "We have so frequently referred to the ability of Miss Mattie Spinney as a pianist, that we are puzzled to find words on this occasion to allude to her performance without having recourse to repetition; suffice it that the young lady executed her solos in her usual brilliant and exquisite style, and in Fumagalli's "Clarice," (rendered so popular by Madme. Arabella Goddard), she displayed a taste and delicacy rarely witnessed. She was loudly and deservedly applauded at the conclusion." Mr. Frederic Chatterton the harpist also obtained the approbation of the audience. The same journal we have quoted above writes, "After Mr. Frederic Chatterton's first fantasia his reputation was fully established with the audience. The fantasia, "Welsh Bardic illustration," composed by himself, was fantastically executed as well as his "Carnival of Venice" (encored). A duet for harp and piano (Herz's "O dolce concerto" by Miss Mattie Spinney and Mr. Frederic Chatterton, executed with taste and precision, was deservedly applauded. Mrs. Eugene Spinney, organist of Banbury (Oxfordshire), accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte."

**MR. SIMS REEVES IN "FAUST"**.—Mr. Sims Reeves is, as an accomplished oratorio singer must be, great in recitative. His excellence in this respect enables him to put an interest in the opening scene which it has hitherto lacked. His utterance of the soliloquy of the old philosopher is full of points which reveal a dramatic instinct. This, added to the splendid energy which he throws into the closing duet with Mephistopheles, brings the first act into its proper degree of prominence, and saves the story from seeming, what most representations have made it, a love tale and nothing more. In the more exciting scenes he is not less successful. No other singer that we know unites the two qualities of declamatory vigour and tenderness of expression. Both of these are wanted to make a complete Faust; and in virtue of this combination, all question of acting apart, it must be allowed that no performance of the music has yet come up to his. Mr. Reeves, moreover, was in exceptionally "good voice" on Saturday last; his tone was magnificent. May this happy state of his larynx continue till all musical London has been to hear him!—*Reader*.

**MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEES MUSICALES**.—The following pieces were played by Mr. Aguilar at his Matinée, on Tuesday last:—Sonata, Op. 2, No 3, Beethoven; "Cheristana," Aguilar; Mazurka, Nocturne and Impromptu, Chopin; "The blue bells of Scotland," Aguilar; Sonata in A, Aguilar; Lieder ohne Worte, Mendelssohn; Fantasia on an air from *Fra Diavolo*, Aguilar; "The last rose of Summer," Aguilar; "Faust," Liszt. The rooms were fully and fashionably attended.

**Come where the Hawthorn.**

—o—  
FIRST VOICE.

Come where the hawthorn's perfumed spray  
Is courted by the breeze—  
Come where the woodbird's tuneful lay,  
Is floating through the trees:

SECOND VOICE.

I care not for the flowering spray,  
Nor heed the woodbird's song:  
But let me dance the hours away  
A happy crowd among.  
Come then with me and merry be  
Amid the joyous throng!

FIRST VOICE.

Nay come with me where 'neath the tree,  
We'll list the woodbird's song!  
Now let us rove at eventide  
Down in the forest dell:  
Where gentle streamlets softly glide  
And tiny brooklets swell!  
Where blushing roses side by side  
Bloom near the lily-bell!

SECOND VOICE.

The forest dell is dark and drear,  
And dismal is its shade,  
My spirits sink with gloom and fear  
When'er I cross the glade;  
Then ask me not to wander there  
When daylight's glories fade!

FIRST VOICE.

I'll seat thee in a leafy bower  
With blossoms at thy feet.

SECOND VOICE.

Ah not for me the hawthorn flower,  
With dewy fragrance sweet—  
No not for me dull rural joys!

FIRST VOICE.

Yes, yes, for thee sweet rural joys:

SECOND VOICE.

My heart is light and gay,

FIRST VOICE.

Thy heart so light and gay?

SECOND VOICE.

Mid smiling lips and sparkling eyes,  
I'd chace the hours away.

FIRST VOICE.

Mid folly's crowd the light and vain  
Why sport the hours away!

MRS. VALENTINE ROBERTS.

**TETBURY.**—Mr. T. A. Burton, organist of Tetbury, and late organist of St. John's Church, in this town, gave a morning and evening concert, in the elegant assembly room just built by R. S. Holford, Esq., M.P. The concert was under distinguished patronage. The first part of the morning concert consisted of selections from the *Creation* and *Elijah*; the solo parts by Miss Lane, Miss Gilliman, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. F. Helmore; the choruses by members of the Tetbury Choral Society. Both solos and choruses were rendered with precision and effect. Mr. H. Wager, St. Mark's College, London, sang "O, rest in the Lord." The other part of the programme was secular. Mr. Burton played an air with variations by Mozart, and the "Cascade" of Pader, in each of which he was applauded. "The Convent Bells," by Mr. Burton, sung by Miss Lane, was unanimously remanded, when she sang "The Lost Undine," by the same composer. Mr. Helmore gave the bass solos with energy and spirit; but, we think, would have been much more effective if he had not forced his voice. The evening concert was densely crowded. Mr. F. Gerrard sang "The winds that waft me," with much taste. Mr. Helmore gave two comic songs, "Molly Carew," and the "Hog-tub," (in character).—*Cheltenham Record*.

**STRATFORD-ON-AVON.**—On Wednesday, at the meeting of the committee of the Shakespeare Tercentenary, in the absence of Mr. Flower, the Mayor, the Rev. Granville Granville, the Vicar, took the chair. It was resolved that arrangements should immediately be made for advertising in London on a large scale, for collecting subscriptions, and for opening in a central part of London an office for the sale of tickets. Report was made of the progress of the "Pavilion." It is a large and substantial building of wood and iron, covering an acre of ground, and raised on a foundation of solid masonry. Its diameter is 170 feet. Fourteen thousand cubic feet of timber, braced with upwards of ten tons of iron, have been used in its construction. It is capable of seating 5,000 people. It was further reported that Alfred Tennyson, Esq., Poet Laureate, has consented to join the Committee of Taste. The following gentlemen have been added to the list of Vice-Presidents;—Tom Taylor, Esq.; Shirley Brooks, Esq.; the Duke of Manchester; the Earl of Lichfield; Professor Nichol, Glasgow; Right Hon. Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C., M.P.; J. O. Jaffray, Esq.; Rev. H. W. Croskey, Glasgow; J. Herbert Stack, Esq.; Joseph Ellis, Esq., Brighton.

**ERRORS OF THE "PRESSE."**—The French journalists are notorious for the liveliness of their imaginations—their penny-a-liners almost rivaling their dramatists and police officials for invention and ingenuity. For instance, in yesterday's *Daily News*, we read the translation of an article from the *Paris Presse*, descriptive of a "railway theatre" which the writer says has been established "on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway." Our "enormous gooseberry" paragraphs pale their ineffectual fires before such brilliant stories as this. Our penny-a-liners must look to their laurels, or they will have to give way to their brethren of the Boulevards, as our playwrights have done.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

**SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.**—John Webster's fine old play, the *Duchess of Malfi*, is one of the particular glories of Sadler's Wells. Entirely unknown to the mass of unreading playgoers, it at once created a sensation when, as modified by Mr. R. H. Horne, it was produced on the bank of the New River, and received especial lustre from the charming performance of Miss Glynn as the unfortunate Duchess. By reviving this play Miss Marriot not only exhibits her talents in a most effective character, but evinces anew her resolution to adhere to a principle to which her theatre owes its modern celebrity. Sadler's Wells is still the home of the old poetical drama.

**MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S Grand Annual Winter Concert** came off on Saturday last at Drury Lane Theatre. The noticeable points were Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony performed by full orchestra and illustrated on the stage with scenery and dances, and Mr. Glover's popular cantata, *Tam o' Shanter*. The programme was more "monster" than usual and nearly all the available talent in London was engaged! The theatre was crowded in every part.

**ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.**—Although Mr. E. T. Smith has restored to the amphitheatre its old name, he is clearly endeavouring to give a better kind of dramatic entertainment than was dreamt of in the days of the horses. On Saturday night a new drama, written by Mr. John Brougham, author of the *Duke's Motto*, and entitled the *Might of Right*, was produced with unequivocal success, and promises to be a feature of the season.

**MADRID.**—The Queen of Spain has sent Adelina Patti a splendid ornament of sapphires and diamonds. Herr Strakosch, Madlle. Patti's brother-in-law, has received the order of Charles III., from the King. —Sig. Gendaro Petrelli, the pianist, at present in Spain, has been appointed officer of the Order of Isabella the Catholic.

**HAMBURG.**—The Count von Redern's opera, *Christine, Königin von Schweden*, was produced lately for the benefit of the conductor, Herr Neswadba. The audience received it favorably.

**MOSCOW.**—*Le Comte Ory* has been favorably received. Mad. Laborde was the *prima donna*.

**BREMEN.**—Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, recently executed in the Cathedral, by the members of the Singacademie, was enthusiastically received.

**WEIMAR.**—Dr. R. Pohl is now engaged in adapting Hector Berlioz's grand opera, *Les Troiens*, for the German stage.

**MILAN.**—According to the *Trovatore*, which is published here, 26 singers have been failures this season in the various theatres of Italy.

**BARCELONA.**—Verdi's *Macbeth* has been produced, with Mad. Laguar as the heroine.

**CARLSRUHE.**—During the past year, there have been sixty operatic performances at the Court Theatre.

**MANNHEIM.**—Herr Taubert's *Macbeth* and Herr Max Bruch's *Loreley* have been produced.

**LISBON.**—Mad. Tedesco has appeared with success in *Saffo*.

**DRESDEN.**—Herr Dorn's opera, *Die Nibelungen*, is in active rehearsal.



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